CWP21 9.42/29

On the Dutcheſs of ATHOLL and Lady WRIGHT Fiſhing at ATHOLL-HOUSE.

By a LADY.

WHERE ſilver-footed *Garry* nimbly flows,
Whoſe verdant banks the nymphs and *naiads* love,
Where nature ev'ry blooming ſweet beſtows,
Not leſs delightful than *Idalia's* grove;

As contemplation led my wand'ring feet
Along the margin of the cryſtal flood,
The feather'd ſongſters hail'd the ſweet retreat,
And gentle zephyrs whiſper'd thro' the wood.

Charm'd with the ſcene, ſilent a while I gaz'd,
Intently liſt'ning to the murm'ring ſtream,
In grateful tranſports nature's God I prais'd,
And long my ſoul purſu'd the rapt'rous theme.

At length I heard, or fancy form'd the tale,
A gentle voice in mournful notes complain,
Soft echo bore the accents thro' the yale,
And thus the mourner ſeem'd to breathe his pain:

'Why did I idly leave the coral groves,
'Where ſafety on the breaſt of ſilence lies!
'Danger ſtill waits the heedleſs fool that roves,
'And in purſuit of fleeting bliſs he dies.

'One fatal day, as near the brink I ſtray'd,
'Two pleaſing forms lean'd o'er the trembling brook,
'Their gentle ſmiles an artleſs mind betray'd;
'Miſchief ſure never wore ſo fair a look!

By Miſs Aſton of Cheshire

'Each held a magic wand with wond'rous grace,
'A pendant line convey'd the tempting bait;
'O sight, portentous to the finny race,
'Fraught with the dire command of cruel fate!

'My tender mate play'd fearless by my side;
'With eager joy she snatch'd the hidden dart,
'Instant, alas! I lost my lovely bride;
'What racking torture seiz'd my wounded heart.

'E'er since that hour, to pining grief a prey,
'My flowing tears encrease my native flood,
'In melancholy sighs I waste the day,
'And shun the commerce of the scaly brood.

'Shou'd chance this mournful tale at *Blair* relate,
'Where dwell the dang'rous fair who caus'd my pain,
'They who can love so well, wou'd mourn my fate,
'And ne'er disturb our harmless race again.'

BRITISH LIBRARY

Ba 1. 94

On the Dutcheſs of ATHOLL and Lady WRIGHT Fiſhing at ATHOLL-HOUSE.

By a LADY.

WHERE ſilver-footed *Garry* nimbly flows,
Whoſe verdant banks the nymphs and *naiads* love,
Where nature ev'ry blooming ſweet beſtows,
Not leſs delightful than *Idalia's* grove;

As contemplation led my wand'ring feet
Along the margin of the cryſtal flood,
The feather'd ſongſters hail'd the ſweet retreat,
And gentle zephyrs whiſper'd thro' the wood.

Charm'd with the ſcene, ſilent a while I gaz'd,
Intently liſt'ning to the murm'ring ſtream,
In grateful tranſports nature's God I prais'd,
And long my ſoul purſu'd the rapt'rous theme.

At length I heard, or fancy form'd the tale,
A gentle voice in mournful notes complain,
Soft echo bore the accents thro' the yale,
And thus the mourner ſeem'd to breathe his pain:

'Why did I idly leave the coral groves,
'Where ſafety on the breaſt of ſilence lies!
'Danger ſtill waits the heedleſs fool that roves,
'And in purſuit of fleeting bliſs he dies.

'One fatal day, as near the brink I ſtray'd,
'Two pleaſing forms lean'd o'er the trembling brook,
'Their gentle ſmiles an artleſs mind betray'd;
'Miſchief ſure never wore ſo fair a look!

'Each held a magic wand with wond'ro
'A pendant line conveyd the tempti
'O ſight, portentous to the finny race,
'Fraught with the dire command of

'My tender mate play'd fearleſs by my
'With eager joy ſhe ſnatch'd the hid
'Inſtant, alas! I loſt my lovely bride;
'What racking torture ſeiz'd my wo

'E'er ſince that hour, to pining grief
'My flowing tears encreaſe my nativ
'In melancholy ſighs I waſte the day,
'And ſhun the commerce of the ſcal

'Shou'd chance this mournful tale at
'Where dwell the dang'rous fair wh
'They who can love ſo well, wou'd m
'And ne'er diſturb our harmleſs rac

nd'rous grace,
empting bait;
race,
nd of cruel fate!

y my side;
e hidden dart,
ride;
y wounded heart.

grief a prey,
native flood,
day,
he scaly brood.

le at *Blair* relate,
air who caus'd my pain,
u'd mourn my fate,
es race again.'

BRITISH LIBRARY